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YOU WILL FIND OTHER STIRRING WAR PICTURES INSIDE.

RUSSIAN MINES EXPLODED BY JAPANESE SHELLS.

This incident caused between six hundred and seven hundred casualties.—*(See "The Story of the War.")*

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THE STORY OF THE WAR

RECORDED FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

Alexeieff Discusses the Campaign.

ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF, interviewed a few days ago by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Echo de Paris*, said that when he took up the position of Viceroy in the Far East three years ago he at once saw that an armed conflict between Russia and Japan was practically inevitable. He warned his Government of this state of affairs, pointing out that the only way to avoid a war was to place Russia in such a position that it would be folly to attack her. The Admiral went on to say that the present situation in the Far East would be much aggravated were Japan, in the event of her being victorious in the war, joined by China. The sympathy of the Chinese Generals Yenshikho and Sha for the Japanese cause was well known, and the Peking Government was forced to use all its power to prevent these commanders and their forces joining the Mikado's army. The ex-Viceroy expressed the opinion that if China joined Japan it would mean the formation of a great Power in the Far East, which would be a menace not only to Russia, but to the Eastern trade of all the countries of the world. Referring to the war, Admiral Alexeieff said that the Japanese system of organisation in war was admirable. The only fault of Russia's adversaries was that they were too careful in the maturing of their plans, and it was owing to this faculty of carefulness that they frequently lost a decided advantage. For instance, at the commencement of the war had they at once attacked Port Arthur the fortress would have fallen, as its fortifications were unfinished, its garrison of the weakest, and its supply of food and war material scanty. Their delay in attacking the fortress, and the noble defence of its garrison—which the Admiral said was without precedent in modern times—had greatly militated against the Japanese advance to the north, and had thus allowed the Russians time to concentrate their men at various points throughout Manchuria. Again, had General Kuroki not delayed his advance at Feng-hwang-cheng after the battle of the Yalu, General Sassulitch could not have withdrawn his shattered army, and the Russian concentration at Lino-yang would have been severely compromised. In respect to the Russian retreats, Admiral Alexeieff emphatically denied that he had ever given any orders to General Kuropatkin either to advance or to retreat. He also said that the statements that he and General Kuropatkin had frequently had differences with regard to the plan of campaign were without truth. They may have had slight differences of opinion, but, on the whole, they agreed excellently. The famous order of the day before the advance from before Mukden was made on General Kuropatkin's initiative, and the Admiral did not hear of it till after his arrival in Mukden when the advance had begun.

Situation Unchanged.

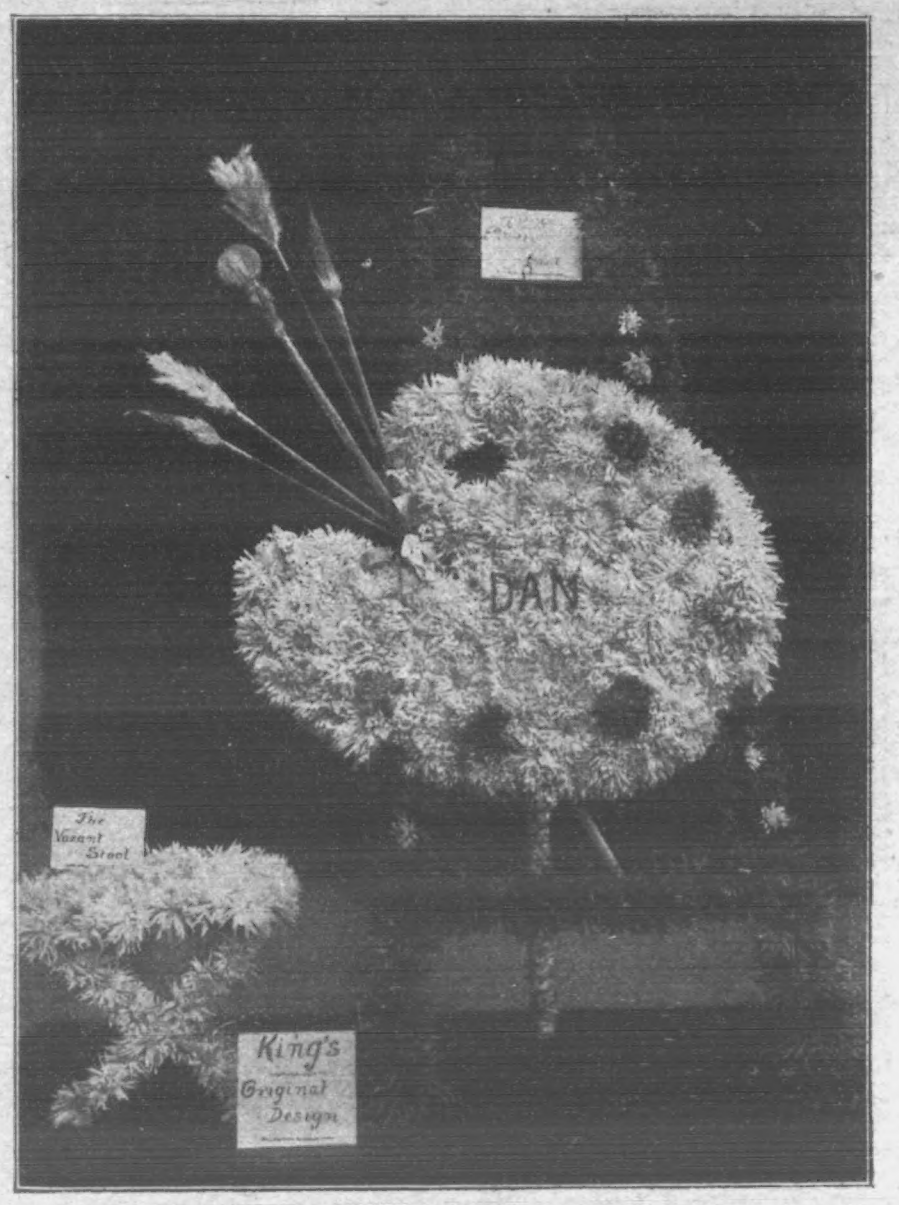
A telegram dated Nov. 13 from Mukden says: The situation remains stationary. The Russians having brought up long-range guns and big mortars within a short distance of Mukden, the cannon roar every day, but without having any influence on the respective positions of the belligerents. This morning a somewhat violent cannonade was heard here. A rather pessimistic state of mind prevails in Mukden regarding the fate of Port Arthur and the immediate destiny of Mukden. The chief question, however, is the possibility of a winter campaign. Over a month ago the majority of those who were competent to express an opinion asserted that there was such a possibility; but the general view has now changed considerably. It has even been stated in very trustworthy quarters that it is impossible to victual over 300,000 men, not to speak of transporting fuel and horses, by means of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Forage is already very scarce, wood is difficult to obtain, and local resources are insufficient to last the whole winter.

At Port Arthur.

The Japanese continue to bombard Port Arthur, and their shells fall so incessantly that the Russians have practically abandoned the repairing works at the harbour. So many were killed on both sides in the last assault that many bodies lay unburied for days. In some cases the dogs which had been driven from the town assuaged their hunger by eating the dead bodies. In the few instances where this was observed the horror-stricken Russian sharpshooters killed the dogs. Some months ago, the Russians ordered that all dogs seen in the streets should be shot. As a result of this, the famished creatures have been roaming the hills and are becoming savage.

Russian Mines Explode.

I-tzu-shan, according to Chinese, 120 of whom arrived at Chifu on Nov. 10, is proving a costly obstacle to the Japanese. On the mornings of



AT THE FUNERAL OF DAN LENO.

THE FLORAL EASEL, PALETTE, AND STOOL SENT BY THE "TERRIERS' ASSOCIATION, OF WHICH THE DEAD COMEDIAN WAS PRESIDENT.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, WHO ARE NOW ON A VISIT TO KING EDWARD AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

NEW PORTRAITS OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

A GIANT POTATO.

This vegetable, "Scottish Triumph," weighs 3 lb. 3 oz.; measures round (lengthwise) 24½ in.; girth 13½ in. As an indication of comparative size a halfpenny may be seen placed on the potato.

MAN HUNT: BUFFALO BILL AGAIN ON THE WAR-PATH.—(*See "The Week's News."*)

the 5th and 6th fierce assaults were made, but were repulsed. During the second assault a shell, soaring over the other hills from Pa-li-chuang, dropped on I-tzu-shan, demolished a land-mine controlling station, and exploded the mines. The Russians who were holding the trenches on the boundary of the mined section lost between 600 and 700 killed and wounded. As the Japanese had not reached the place they escaped unhurt. I-tzu-shan owes the best part of its strength to the peculiar topography of the surrounding country, which prevents direct artillery fire, and does not permit the Japanese to advance to the trenches with the success which has been evident elsewhere. The Japanese advanced in both instances from behind distant hills with the fullest force the ground would allow, but the long distances which they were compelled to traverse in the face of machine-guns melted their ranks. On each occasion the Japanese broke the entanglements which had been placed. One soldier, who had his leg torn off, was seen trying to bite through the wires.

Russian Volunteers Fight.

General Kuropatkin has telegraphed to the Minister of War denying the Japanese assertion that the Russian troops in the field were often disguised in Chinese costume.

"On the contrary," he adds, "on the occasion of the assault on the village of Shahepu on Oct. 14 a Japanese detachment was dressed in the grey coats and caps of the Russian soldiers with white borders, a fact which allowed them to approach quite close to the Russian batteries, and thus to capture several guns of the 37th Brigade."

General Kuropatkin telegraphs under date of Nov. 12: "On the 11th inst., before dawn, a detachment of volunteer Chasseurs, commanded by Lieutenant Vodietsky, made a reconnaisance in the sphere of the enemy's disposition in the direction of the village of Kwanmitsan, two kilomètres east of Beniaputse. A Japanese patrol, composed of eight dragoons, was encountered in this village, and retired to the south-east of Kwangmitsan. The Chasseurs discovered two lines of entrenchments occupied by a company of the enemy. Having prepared an attack by artillery fire, and having sent a part of the detachment to turn the Japanese flank, Lieutenant Vodietsky dislodged them from the entrenchments which he occupied. An alarm having been given in the enemy's main position, a battalion made its way rapidly towards the entrenchments occupied by the Chasseurs. Two Japanese companies at the head, swept by the volleys of our Chasseurs, retired, carrying off their killed and wounded. Two other companies had meantime made a turning movement behind the hills, and the detachment of Chasseurs, taking with them one man killed and one seriously wounded, retired upon our positions. Four other men were slightly wounded, but did not leave the ranks. A desultory artillery fire was kept up on the 12th inst. by us and the enemy along the whole front, with the object of harassing work on the entrenchments. I have received no report of any other fighting with the enemy."

General Sakharoff telegraphs under date Nov. 14 as follows: "The night of the 13th inst. has passed quietly. General Linievitch has joined the First Manchurian Army, of which he immediately assumed the command."

Photo. Stuvdee.

THE NEW BELLS FOR ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL, WHICH ARE TO BE RUNG FOR THE FIRST TIME ON NOVEMBER 30.

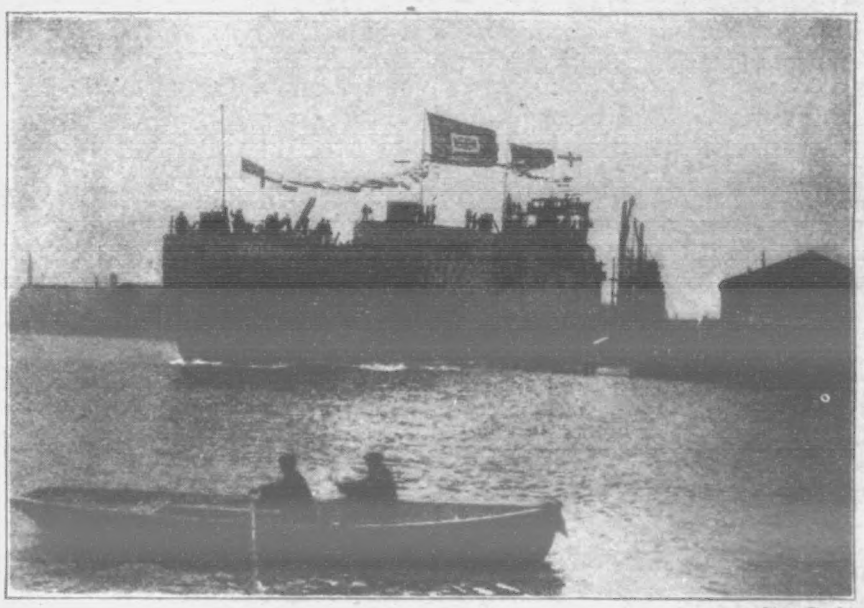


Photo. Stuvdee.

THE LAUNCH OF THE FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "BLACK PRINCE" AT CANNING TOWN.

THE LORD MAYOR'S COACH STARTING FROM THE GUILDHALL.

"GREAT BRITAIN'S" CAR IN GRESHAM STREET.

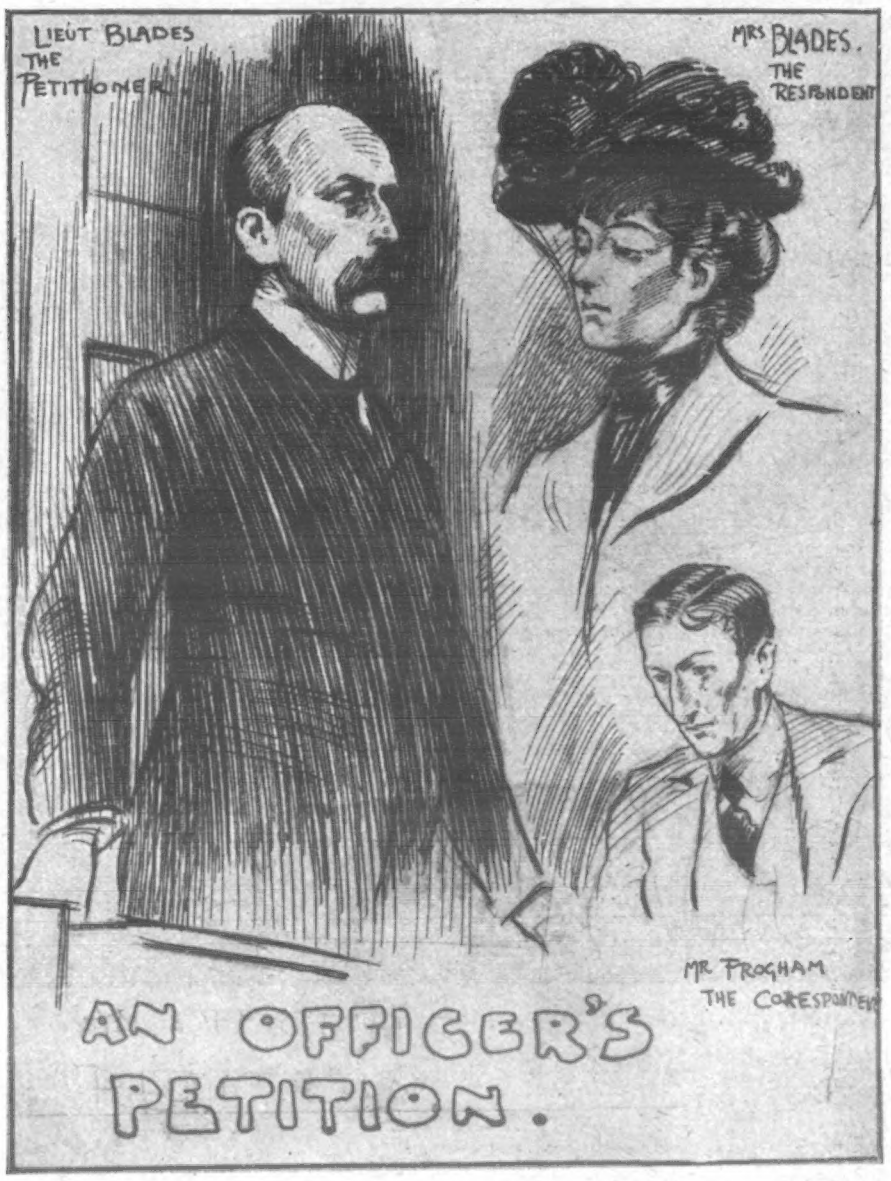
TWO VIEWS OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, WHICH TOOK PLACE ON NOVEMBER 9.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

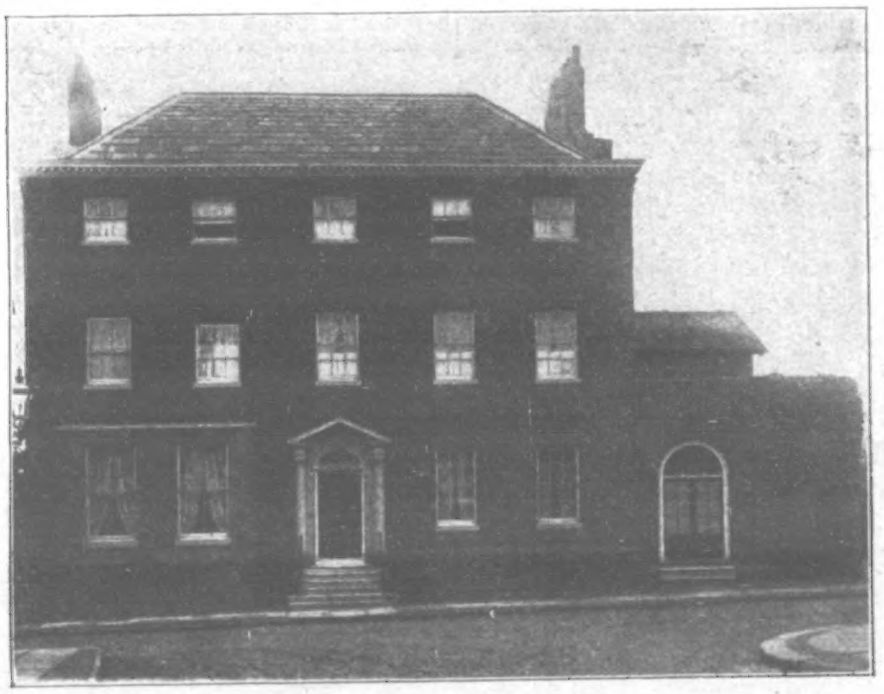
THE KING'S Slight Mishap.—The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, left Sandringham for London on Monday. His Majesty, on alighting at St. Pancras, was noticed to limp slightly, a fact which gave rise to much comment. It is understood, however, that the King accidentally struck his foot against some obstacle while out shooting one day last week, and the limp was the result. Happily the accident was of a trivial nature, and there was never any cause for anxiety.

Visit of the King of Portugal.—King Carlos and Queen Amelia of Portugal arrived in England on Tuesday on their visit to the King and Queen at Windsor. They were met at Portsmouth by the Prince of Wales, and Their Majesties then travelled to Windsor by special train. At Windsor King Edward and Queen Alexandra were waiting to welcome their guests and to ride with them to the Castle. The route was lined with troops, under the command of General Lord Methuen and Major-General Oliphant. A State banquet in honour of the Royal guests took place at the Castle on Wednesday. On Thursday King Carlos and Queen Amelia paid their promised visit to the City. Their Majesties journeyed by special train from Windsor to Paddington, where a carriage procession was formed. The route to and from the Guildhall was lined with troops, while a Sovereign's escort of Life Guards attended Their Majesties, who met with an enthusiastic reception from the crowds of spectators. After luncheon the King and Queen of Portugal returned to Windsor Castle, where they will remain until Monday next, when Their Majesties will go to Chatsworth on a brief visit to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

Service Items.—When the 16th Lancers disembarked at Southampton last week, after fourteen years' service in India and South Africa, a welcome from the Queen in the form of a telegram was read to the regiment. The message ran: "Please convey to all ranks of the 16th (Queen's) Lancers my sincere congratulations and good wishes on their return home.—ALEXANDRA."—Colonel and Chief Paymaster Haynes, who has just given up the appointment of District Paymaster at Woolwich, will take over the appointment of District Paymaster at Hong-Kong in place of Colonel Ferrier, who becomes District Paymaster in Scotland in succession to Colonel Bell, transferred to Woolwich.—The transport *Assaye* left Southampton on Tuesday with drafts, numbering 1600 of all ranks, to reinforce infantry battalions in India.—Colonel J. W. Gill has taken over the appointment of Colonel-on-the-Staff and C.R.E. at Malta, in succession to Colonel Cameron.—It has been decided that the period of re-engagement in the Imperial Yeomanry shall in future be for one year at a time, instead of for three years.—The Admiralty has ordered the Cruiser Squadron to be increased to ten ships by the addition of the armoured cruisers *Bedford* and *Essex* and the commissioning of the *Cumberland* and *Cornwall*. The squadron will then be separated into two squadrons, designated the First and Second Cruiser Squadrons.—After Saturday, Nov. 19, war-ships will commission for two years instead of three, and the time officers have to spend abroad will consequently be reduced by one-third. Ships will come home more frequently, and will always be kept in the most efficient condition, no repair work being allowed to accumulate.



SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES IN THE DIVORCE COURT.



THE PENNY BANK AT NEEDHAM MARKET, WHICH SUSPENDED PAYMENT THIS WEEK.

London's Great Gas Exhibition.—Not for twenty years has a greater display been made in London of gas as an illuminating, cooking, heating, and motive power than that which is promised by the International Exhibition opening at Earl's Court on Saturday, Nov. 19. From the whole of the United Kingdom, America, Germany, and other leading nations close on two hundred exhibitors will show the enormous progress made in the various channels of the gas industry. The firm purpose of the organisers—who are working under the direct auspices of the Institution of Gas Engineers—is to make the Exhibition the most extensive and comprehensive collection of appliances utilising gas ever brought together before. For householders, day by day more and more hampered and harassed by the "servant difficulty," it will be a splendid opportunity to realise how money, worry, time, and labour may be economised by the use of up-to-date gas-stoves, heaters, and burners.

Horsham Election Result.—There was a record poll last week in the Horsham Division of Sussex, when Lord Turnour, the Unionist candidate, was elected by a majority of 784. The figures were: Lord Turnour (U.), 4388; Mr. L. R. Erskine (L.), 3604. At the election in 1893, Mr. J. Heywood Johnstone, the late Unionist member, was returned by a majority of 1484. By his victory, Lord Turnour becomes the youngest member of the House of Commons, being only twenty years of age. He is the only son of Earl and Countess Winterton, and he holds a commission in the Sussex Imperial Yeomanry.

Blades v. Blades and Frogham.—This was a petition on the part of Lieutenant Blades praying for a dissolution of his marriage on the grounds of her misconduct with Samuel Frogham, a Folkestone cabman. The suit was defended and denials entered, the wife also making counter-charges of cruelty against her husband. During the hearing there were several scenes in Court, the respondent, who was sitting at the back, making a number of excited exclamations. His Lordship said that she appeared to be drunk in Court. Mr. Willcock (counsel for the husband) remarked that there had been several scenes in the corridors that morning. Petitioner's son was next called, whereupon respondent, bursting into tears, left the Court. His Lordship, in giving judgment, said he desired to express his sympathy with petitioner in this case. He thought he had been forced into the course he had taken. Petitioner was a gallant fellow who had risen from the ranks to the position of a commissioned officer, and the only thing he did blame him for were the circumstances attending the initiation of his marriage.—Sir Francis granted a decree nisi, with costs, and the custody of the children. After the case ended respondent was seen in the corridor sobbing piteously.

MRS. FELLOWES GORDON,

WHO OBTAINED A DIVORCE FROM HER HUSBAND LAST WEEK.

Failure of a Penny Bank.—Much anxiety and alarm has been caused in the little Suffolk town of Needham Market owing to the local penny bank having stopped payment. Mr. S. A. Maw, who conducted the bank, has had a receiving order made against him, and a statement has been issued of his affairs. This shows gross liabilities of £19,069, of which £8400 relate to fully secured creditors. There is an estimated deficiency of assets of £6237. Depositors in the penny bank number 180, representing total deposits of £5360 in sums ranging from a few pounds to several hundreds. The Official Receiver's statement says that there has never been any deed or prospectus defining the constitution of the bank. No trustee or other officers were ever appointed, and no pass-book or other document relating to the bank has been printed for the last forty years. Mr. Maw regards the depositors as his personal creditors, and there are no securities set aside for their special benefit. Mr. Maw attributes his insolvency to the loss of his position as manager of the local branch of Barclay's Bank, to losses in speculation, and depreciation in the value of securities. A movement is on foot to open a subscription fund in aid of the poor folks who are threatened with the loss of their savings.

A Man-Hunt.—Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill) and a party, including several Englishmen, have been hunting in Wyoming for four robbers, who shot a bank cashier dead at Cody. Most of the town of Cody belongs to the Colonel. The robbers entered the bank during business hours, and one of them, presenting a pistol at the cashier's head, ordered him to hand over the cash. As he refused, the robber fired, and the cashier fell mortally wounded. Without waiting to secure booty the robbers rode off at top-speed. News of the outrage quickly spread, and a mounted party started after them. There was a hot fusillade between the robbers and their pursuers, and it is stated that one of the robbers was wounded. Colonel Cody was bear-hunting with his friends near Omaha when he heard of the affair. He decided at once to go in pursuit of the robbers, and his party stopped bear-hunting and started with him for the scene of the robber-chase. The Colonel came in touch with the robbers, and in a lively duel it is reported that he had his horse shot beneath him. The robbers succeeded in stealing fresh horses and making their escape to the mountains, where they are being followed.

"IF YOU CANNOT SLEEP" because you have a cough or tickling in your throat, use the unrivalled remedy, KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One alone affords relief—well called "sweet relief"—in cases of cough, asthma, bronchitis. Sold everywhere in tins, 13½d. each; free for stamps. Thomas Keating, Chemist, London.—[Advt.]

DR. BROOKE.

PETITIONER IN A DIVORCE ACTION THIS WEEK.

Cornish Mansion Burned Down.—Hengar, the ancient Cornish seat of Sir William Onslow, Bart., was completely destroyed by fire early on Sunday morning last. At about 5 a.m., Sir William awoke to find his bed-room full of smoke. He at once aroused the other members of the household, who were obliged to make a hurried escape in their night-clothes. The fire, which originated in the chimney of a grate in the entrance-hall, spread with such rapidity that the whole mansion was in flames before the neighbouring fire-brigades could be summoned. Nearly all the contents of the house were destroyed, including a number of valuable paintings. Fortunately, however, a servant succeeded in rescuing a glass cabinet containing the family's most cherished heirlooms. Among these was a sword of honour presented with the freedom of the City to Admiral Sir Richard Onslow, and also a gold medal of victory given to the Admiral by George III.

Daring Jewel Robbery.—With the aid of a ladder, and under cover of a raging storm, some burglars last week entered Huntercombe Manor, near Slough, and made off with jewellery worth about £1000. The Manor is the residence of the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, and the victim of the robbery was one of her guests—Mrs. Quin, a relative of Lord Arbuthnot. At about seven in the evening Mrs. Quin left her bed-room after dressing for dinner. On returning to the room three hours later she found the door fastened. It was at once forced open, and then it was discovered that her jewel-case, containing rings, bracelets, lockets, brooches, and other articles of great value, had been carried off. The burglars appear to have obtained a ladder from a neighbouring farm. By placing it against the back of the house they were able to reach the window of Mrs. Quin's room and gain easy admittance. The Bucks police are making every effort to track and capture the thieves.

Hussar's Terrible End.—A shocking affair occurred last week in the Watford tunnel of the London and North Western Railway, when Corporal Hannan, of the 19th Hussars, lost his life. Hannan and some comrades were returning to Curragh Camp after spending their furlough in the South of England. They left Euston by the night express for Holyhead, and were nearing Watford when Hannan opened the door of the compartment. The train was travelling at a great speed, and the draught dashed the door wide open. Hannan clung to it as it swung back, and was suspended over the track. Then, despite the efforts of his comrades to pull him in, the unfortunate man fell on to the line in Watford Tunnel. As he did so a passing train cut his body to pieces. Corporal Hannan was a steady, sober man, and served in the South African War.

Poachers Sent for Trial.—At Pontypool Police-court, Basil Tyler and Luther Pinner were charged with shooting Charles Cornish, a gamekeeper. Cornish, it may be recalled, encountered the men one night in a wood, and Tyler fired point-blank at him, inflicting a serious wound. Both men made a full confession when they were arrested.

MODERN "SIAMESE TWINS."

ROSA AND JOSEFA BLAZEK, THE TWO YOUNG BOHEMIAN GIRLS WHO HAVE JUST ARRIVED IN LONDON.

"THE FLUTE OF PAN." AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

Pinner said he looked on while Tyler fired the shot, which was only intended to frighten the keeper. The accused man were committed for trial.

Tottenham Tragedy Verdict.—An inquest was held last week on Henry Charles Vaughan, of St. John's Place, Finsbury, and Lucy Emily Humberstone, who were found lying in a passage at Tottenham, the girl dead, and the man dying. The jury found that Vaughan committed suicide by taking poison, there being no evidence to show the state of his mind; and that Humberstone met her death through poison administered by Vaughan.

Bakehouse Tragedy Verdict.—An inquest was held at Bethnal Green on Karl Meiss, aged thirty-five, who was found shot dead in a bakehouse in Columbia Road on the night of Nov. 6. Philip Schmidt, who was lying near the deceased, and who still remains in hospital suffering from his serious wounds, made the following statement to the police: "I was preparing the flour when Meiss came in and stabbed me with a long knife. After he stabbed me he shot me two or three times. I heard him shoot again. I didn't see him. I fell down after he shot me. We had no quarrel. He is my foreman. I have done nothing to the man. It must have been the drink." Detective-Sergeant Brogden stated that the deceased had carried a revolver for twelve years. The revolver found in the bakehouse contained two loaded cartridges, and similar cartridges were found in Meiss's box. Meiss had accused Schmidt of stealing a sovereign from him a few weeks ago. The deceased was known to his friends as "Mad Charlie," and was said to be a very excitable man when under the influence of drink. After hearing other evidence, the jury found that Meiss committed suicide after attempting to murder Schmidt.

The Leytonstone Murder.—At Stratford Police-court last week, William Hoffman was again brought up on the charge of murdering Helen Walden in the cellar of his house at Park Grove Road, Leytonstone. Thomas Hoffman, the accused's brother and partner in business, said that on the Sunday before the murder £19 was found to be missing from the cash-box. Witness asked Helen Walden, "What about the £19 that is missing?" She replied, "I don't know anything about it." Witness and his brother discussed the matter together, and William said he did not want to discharge the girl, as she had no father or mother. Subsequently the girl confessed that she had asked her soldier sweetheart and a girl named Harrington to give her back the money, and they had refused. That was the first admission she had made as to the theft of the money. After medical evidence as to the girl's death had been given, Hoffman was again remanded. At the resumed inquest on Tuesday, Thomas Hoffman, brother of the accused, said that two days before the woman was found murdered the sum of £19 had been missed from a cash-box in which the takings of the shop were kept. In answer to Mr. Sharman, witness stated that the day before the murder the deceased admitted that she had taken the money. It was customary to count the money every Sunday. The witness added, "There is no need to count it now. It has all gone. The money may have been taken by a burglar." After a summing-up by the Coroner, a verdict of Wilful Murder against Hoffman was returned.

"WRITING HOME": JAPANESE SOLDIERS, AFTER A BATTLE, INDITING ACCOUNTS OF THEIR ADVENTURES FOR TRANSMISSION TO THEIR WIVES OR SWEETHEARTS.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

THERE was any amount of interest in Saturday's League games, and some exceptional results were recorded. One of the most extraordinary was the victory of Bury over Sheffield United, but the match of the series was undoubtedly furnished by the sensational draw of Sheffield Wednesday with Everton.

Taking the latter game first, it stands out as one of the most remarkable in League history. The Wednesday had the advantage of playing on their own ground at Owlerton, but they only escaped defeat by little short of a miracle. The game drew a crowd of 18,000 people, who witnessed an encounter which will live long in their memories. In the first half Everton were so clearly superior that when they crossed over with a lead of five goals to one, it appeared all over bar the proverbial shouting; but in the second half Wednesday rallied in remarkable fashion and played like men possessed. Goals came almost at will, and running through their opponents as a stream glides through the rocks, they put on goal after goal; scored four times, and drew an extraordinary match. Scott was injured, and in the later stages Abbott kept goal for Everton.

Sheffield United's defeat by Bury furnished the second sensation of the day. Bury the despised, the lowest on the League ladder, simply smothered the "Blades" and beat them by seven goals to one. The winners had the advantage of playing at Gigg Lane; but their victory was so pronounced that they would probably have won had the match been played at Bramall Lane.

Their victory over Notts County on the Trent Bridge ground on the previous Saturday had evidently put new life into the "Shakers," for they simply romped round the Bramall Lane side, and beat them out of sight. Sagar was the hero of the match, the old international being in great form. He scored the first four goals with beautiful shots, and was unlucky not to get another.

Swann made a dashing and alert centre, his swinging passes to the wings and constant pressure on the backs quite demoralising the opposing defence. Bury's shooting was great, and the burly Foulke had no chance with the shots that beat him. Wood and Richards were also good, while the halves left nothing to be desired, and the backs, Lindsay and Slater, defended well. Of the United forwards, only Priest and Lang came out of the match with credit, the defence being weak.

Playing on their own "midden," known as the "Manor Ground, Plumstead," Woolwich Arsenal gave another creditable display and disposed of Stoke by two goals to one. The game was not one of the best seen down Woolwich way, but what it lacked in science was made up for in vigour. The Arsenal half-backs were in great form, and Jackson has probably never played a better game at back. At the present moment the Arsenal would take a lot of beating by any First Division club.

Notts Forest gave another poor display in their match with the re-christened Small Heath club, who successfully applied to the F.A. to call themselves Birmingham, by which title they are now to be known. The Foresters were without Iremonger for the greater part of the game, but they were manifestly the inferior side even while he was playing. Small Heath were successful by two goals to nil, and ought to have won by a greater margin. Their forwards were very clever and the half-backs also smart.

The victorious progress of Manchester City in the League games has been checked. Blackburn Rovers gave them a substantial hiding at Ewood Park, the Rovers winning by three goals to one. Had they made better use of their opportunities the margin in their favour would have undoubtedly been greater. The success of the Rovers was due in large measure to the change in the forward line, while the defence was very sound, Crompton playing a great game at full-back.

Sunderland had nearly all their own way in their match with Derby County, and won by three goals to nil. They were the smarter team, especially forward, and thoroughly deserved to win. They were quicker on the ball, and were not slow to shoot when they got near the Derby goal. The Derby forwards were disappointing, Bloomer especially so. For Derby Warren played very well at half-back, but the game was marked more for vigour than science.

Aston Villa played a rare good game against Notts County at Aston Park, and displayed better form than for a long time past. They still have to face bad luck with their players, as Evans strained himself early in the game and had to retire. Brawn and Hampton were in great form for the Villans, both playing remarkably well. Lockett and Cantrill were also on their best behaviour, and the Villa fully deserved their victory by four goals to two.

Middlesbrough had the best of the play in a not too scientific game with Preston North End at Ayresome Park, and on the run of the play they were perhaps unlucky not to win. It was a stubborn game, and each side scored a goal. Newcastle United and Wolverhampton Wanderers met on the latter's ground, and the home team were badly beaten by three goals to one. For the first quarter of an hour the play was rather tame, but the United settled down to the better game. Howie scored a couple of goals for Newcastle, and as the Wanderers could only reply with one by Heywood, the victory rested with the United.

In the Second Division Liverpool maintain their unbeaten record, their latest victory being over Port Vale at Burslem though the Vale gave them a good game and only lost by two goals to one. Bolton Wanderers held their position as second to Liverpool by virtue of a win over Lincoln City by four goals to one, but Bristol City and Manchester United are hard on their heels, and the latter team had nothing to spare in beating Burnley by a single goal last Saturday. Present appearances point to two of the four leaders going up to the select circle next May; but football is a strange game—witness Bury's revival—and much may happen between this and the end of April.

Owing to the fourth round of the English Cup Qualifying Competition claiming the attention of many Southern League clubs, the matches in the competition were restricted to five. Reading caught a Tartar at Fulham, where they lost by two goals to nil, this being their second defeat, the previous beating being administered by the Queen's Park Rangers. Fulham were at the top of their form, their forwards, especially Soar, playing finely, while Ross, the ex-Dundee man, was a tower of strength at full-back. Still Reading lead in the table, and Bristol Rovers are second, despite their reverse at Southampton by four goals to two. West Ham United were not playing in the competition, being engaged in beating Clapton by five to none, in a "friendly," but Tottenham Hotspur raised themselves to quite a respectable position by getting the better of Millwall by a solitary goal. Brentford surprised Swindon by winning on the latter's inclosure by three goals to one, but they caught the "Railwaymen" far below their usual form. Queen's Park Rangers were at Luton, where the points were shared, each side scoring a goal.

There were three matches in the Rugby inter-county championship, and all provided capital games. Yorkshire and Northumberland drew at 10 points each; Cheshire were beaten by a try by Cumberland, while Cornwall defeated Somerset by 12 points to 3. The two Universities were engaged in London, the Cantabs being well beaten by Blackheath by 16 points to 4, whereas Oxford won their match with the Harlequins by no fewer than 27 points to 3. Both the 'Varsities suffered from the absence of injured players, though it may be readily gathered that the Dark Blues did not require full strength against the "Quins." On Monday the Cantabs sustained another defeat—at the hands of Edinburgh Academicals, the Scots winning by 6 points to nil.

Richmond were altogether too good for the London Scottish, though the margin of 16 points to 3 rather flatters the winners. R.I.E.C. surprised the Old Merchant Taylors by scoring 29 points against 3; and another match in which heavy scoring took place was between London Welsh and London Irish, the former getting the best of it to the extent of 25 points to 11. The feature of the game was the grand place-kicking of A. F. Harding, whose prowess in this department is setting everybody talking. In the West, Devonport Albion drew with Swansea at one try each, and a close game was that in which Bristol just defeated Newport by 3 points. Leicester placed another win to their credit by beating Coventry by 18 points to nil, and Northampton further proved their merit by sending Llanelly back to Wales with a 5 points to nil reverse.

PERSONAL ITEMS.—McLeod and Hearson are likely to play again for Cambridge to-morrow.—Oates, the Bristol full-back, will be able to resume his place to-morrow against Blackheath.—J. E. Raphael was the shining light for Oxford against the Harlequins, and he is well in the running for another international cap.—West Ham United have signed on a promising centre forward named Davidson, late of the Clyde F.C.; he is a wonderful worker.—A. McGeachan, of the Hibernians, for whom many clubs were angling, has thrown in his lot with Bradford City.—Dean of Bristol City, whose eye was badly damaged, is happily making much better progress than expected.—I regret to say that poor Frank Bedingfield has gone over to the majority. The champion old Queen's Park Ranger died a few days ago in South Africa.—C. B. Fry is credited with helping W. G. Grace to form a professional team for the Crystal Palace. I am assured that "C. B." has no such intention—at present.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The Oxford University Hare and Hounds opened their season with a match against the United Hospitals at Oxford. The start took place from the Railway-bridge on the Abingdon Road, and a new course of seven and a half miles was tried, the 'Varsity scoring an easy win by 19 points to 36. M. H. Godby, of Christ Church, Oxford, was first man home, and won by eighty yards from A. L. Candler, of the Hospitals, after a fine race for best part of the journey. R. H. Birt, New College, was third. Godby's time was 42 min. 15 sec.

Like their Dark Blue rivals, Cambridge University were engaged in a match with a barrier club, their opponents being the South London pack. The venue was Croydon, and the distance seven miles. Unfortunately, the fixture ended in a fiasco, for when two miles and a half had been covered several competitors lost the trail, and it was

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RUGBY.—BLACKHEATH v. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY: A LINE OUT.

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HINDE'S HAIR WAVERS

The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's" Curlers. Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine unless they bear the legibly impressed name "Hinde's" and on the box, both on the article and on the box. The present fashion of Undulated hair renders 'Hinde's Wavers' Nos. 18, 19, 20, a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Queendoms, or Sample box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hindes Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

decided to call it no race. At the time the contretemps occurred A. R. Churchill and A. S. D. Smith held a long lead of P. A. Casserley, of the home team. An attempt will be made to bring off the event at a future date.

The long-distance champion, Alfred Shrubb, was at Warrington assisting the Warrington A.C.H. against the Winnington Park H. There were forty-seven runners—forty of the home club and seven of Winnington. The distance was six miles, and Warrington won very easily by 15 points to 97. Of course Shrubb won, and his nearest attendant was C. J. Straw, the Northern Junior champion, with S. Parsonage next, all of the winning club.

The Highgate Harriers, Southern and National champions, held a five miles handicap at Bowes Park. During the race S. J. Woolley, the captain of the club, had the misfortune to sprain his ankle, and retired from the race. The result was a win for E. Rickett's, who had 3 min. 30 sec. start; C. J. Harris, 3 min. 40 sec., was second, and G. F. Cleveley, 2 min. 30 sec., third.

The Grove House Harriers decided a three miles handicap at Neasden. The winner turned up in J. D. Jones; F. O. Hynard was second, and W. T. Gower third. Thames Valley Harriers held a similar race at Barnes, this being won by G. Johnson; C. Stark took second prize, and W. A. Pascall-Clark secured the third trophy.

Thames Hare and Hounds were engaged in a four and three-quarter miles handicap at Roehampton. G. Dawson finished first, starting from the 25 sec. mark; S. H. Carnelly was second, and B. Hillyard third.

The Blackheath club were disporting themselves in the neighbourhood from Chislehurst to Blackheath, where they held their annual walking race for the Johnson trophy. T. E. Hammond, the holder, competed, and again won, J. T. Hull being second, and H. E. Neville third. There was a yacht handicap in connection with the race. K. Jull winning with 1 min. 10 sec. start. The second place fell to the winner of the scratch race.

A combined five miles handicap between St. Bride's Institute A.C. and Vickers Maxim A.C. was held at Erith, with the following result: F. A. Gilbert, St. Bride's, 5 min. start, first; T. R. McDonald, St. Bride's, 5 min. 15 sec., second; and W. H. Cornelius, Vickers, 2 min. 10 sec., third.

Cambridge appear to be richer than Oxford in the matter of athletic "Freshmen," and in spite of the rumour that several likely youngsters were kept from competing owing to the presence of the Rhodes scholars at Oxford, I shall be surprised if much talent is discovered there outside

Photo. "Advance" Agency

WHITLEY,

STOKE'S RESOURCEFUL GOALKEEPER.

with regard to rival cycle shows had been overcome, and that the Stanley would be the only exhibition this year. A best on record has been secured in the matter of exhibits for the twenty-eighth annual show of the Stanley C.C., which will be opened to-day (Friday) at the Agricultural Hall by Sir A. K. Rollit, M.P. There are many novelties.

BILLIARDS.

In spite of clever play by W. Cook he was unable to hold Harverson in the fourth heat of the big tournament at the Soho Square saloon last week, the ex-South African winning by 725 points. Much the same result was the outcome of the match of 9000 up between Dawson and Inman at Leicester Square. Inman, who had 2750 start, being beaten by 495 points. Dawson was in wonderful form during various stages of the game, many of his big breaks being compiled with all his old skill. By the way, Roberts gave a glimpse of his past glories last Monday, when he made 750 in 75 min. in the opening stage of his match with Harverson at Manchester. If we could see the old champion in Egyptian Hall form how the public would flock to watch him!

BANSHEE.

THE RACING WORLD.

WE are having plenty to talk about during the concluding weeks of sport under Jockey Club rules. Those fortunate enough to witness the splendid struggle in the final stage of the Liverpool Cup will not soon forget the excitement when Love Charm, Vril, Flower Seller, and Wild Lad were almost in line, and partisans might easily be excused for strongly fancying any one of the four to have most left. All through the piece I have been expecting to see Wild Lad take a good race. He did enough in the Lewes Handicap to make one almost sure that he would go very close, but no one could be really confident of finding one to beat Vril.

Lord Carnarvon's stable has been in such wonderful form of late, and, moreover, Vril's public trial in the Cambridgeshire quite warranted putting the second to Hackler's Pride as first choice for Aintree. Were this Liverpool Cup to be run over again with a fresh draw for places, and Vril lucky enough to gain an inside berth, or, at least, one not worse than Wild Lad's, the former would be quite as well backed as Wild Lad. I cannot help thinking that Lord Carnarvon was unlucky to lose, and certainly Flower Seller was a good deal hampered in the straight, and besides squeezed in as the tired horses closed together towards the end.

The objection lodged by Mr. Henning was not exactly justified, as the protest came to be worded. No one suggested foul riding on the part of Saxby, who steered Wild Lad; but fair, disinterested critics could be found who held that the winner gave Flower Seller too little room. Love Charm had the best station coming up the straight, and looked very much like winning, but was beaten on merits.

Vril drew No. 22 berth, right on the outside, a circumstance which may sometimes be turned into a slice of good luck rather than bad, because frequently when the galloping is soft and the track used a good deal beforehand, a pilot compelled to take up his place on the extreme right may make profit out of keeping there, finding the while sound going to the others' overworked and overworn track. I recollect watching Wall follow orders to the letter in this regard and win with Madame D'Albany, who must have gone more than a hundred yards farther than the rest.

Talking of going, we shall never again have the pleasure of seeing the grand old Manifesto delight us by his bold jumping over the Aintree fences. The poor old chap came to grief in the Valentine Steeplechase through wrenching his shoulder, and, doing so, damaged his near fore knee. Even then he did not fall, and kept up his record for having stood up, unless knocked down, always during his many voyages round the course, but it was a sad sight seeing him painfully hobble back to the Paddock on three legs. He will be left at Aintree for a few days to recover, and, later, taken down to Stockbridge, to pass the rest of his time in peace, though I daresay if he were consulted on the subject he would be much better pleased to have an occasional turn over a country.

In 1895 he ran fourth, next year he was knocked over, in 1897 he won and again in 1899, was third in 1900 to Ambush, in 1902 to Shannon Lass, and in 1903 to Drumcree. In 1904 he finished ninth, and was cheered almost as much as Moifaa, who won. The last-named took part in the Sefton Steeplechase, and after leading for half the distance was cut into.

On Saturday, while we were racing at Liverpool, a most interesting match was brought off on the other side of the water, where at Maisons Lafitte Fifre II. and Presto II., winner of the Prix du Conseil Municipal, met in a match of a thousand sovereigns, four hundred forfeit. Early in the year Fifre II. was considered the best three-year-old in France after Ajax, but had been amiss. Still, he was supposed to have come back to his form, and Presto's win, beating Pretty Polly and Zinfandel, had been so written down as a fluke that the match did not look a good thing for the latter. All the same, it panned out that way, as Presto never gave Fifre a chance. The loser came out looking in beautiful trim; the winner was, as usual, sent to the Paddock in very rough condition, more like a hunter that had been picking about in the summer than a celebrated thoroughbred who had beaten our supposed best horses in training.

St. Amant is to be given practice over hurdles, and very likely that treatment may make him more trustworthy on the flat. Young Tom Cannon is to take charge of the Derby winner. Another Newmarket horse who is to try his hand over the sticks is Burses. The latter hates the starting-gate. He is going to Lordship Farm, and will be under Mr. Joe Cannon's care.

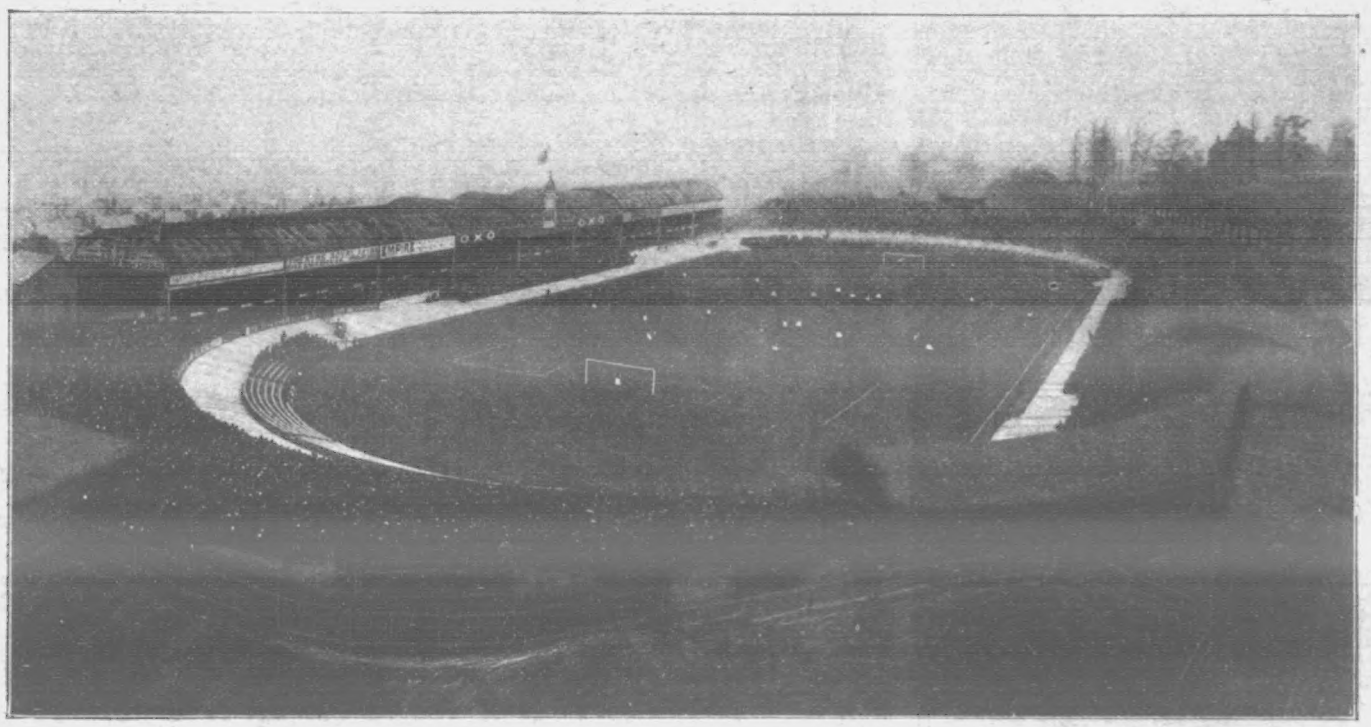
As I write Leicester meeting is drawing to a close, and a little business on the Derby Cup is being neglected. For this my fancies when the weights came out were

Donnetta and General Cronje.

The first-named has a very light weight for her performances. Cronje may have been running a public trial in the Liverpool Cup; anyway he did go very well for the race taken by his stable companion Wild Lad.

BENDIGO.

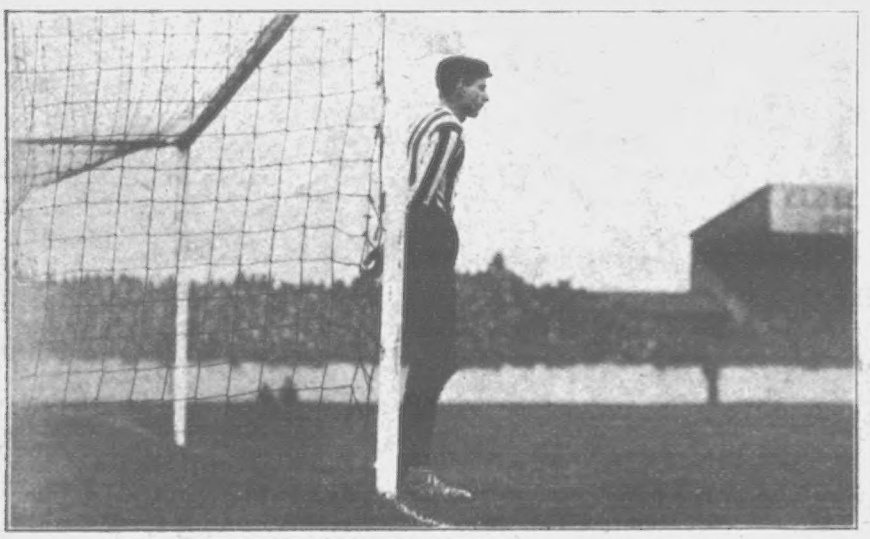
DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]



ASTON VILLA'S FOOTBALL GROUND: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

Schutt, of Cornell; Young, of South Dakota; and Butterworth, of Marlborough College. But the Light Blues are happy in the possession of such performers as Powell, of Rugby; Masters, who is now at Selwyn College; and P. M. Edwards, in addition to other good men. Powell is a great hurdler, and put up a record for Fenner's last week, while he is also a grand quarter-miler. Masters excels in "field events," and Edwards promises to turn out a high-class long-distance runner.

At the Stanley Club dinner last Saturday night a satisfactory statement was made to the effect that all difficulties



WOOLWICH ARSENAL v. SUNDERLAND: SUNDERLAND'S GOALKEEPER.

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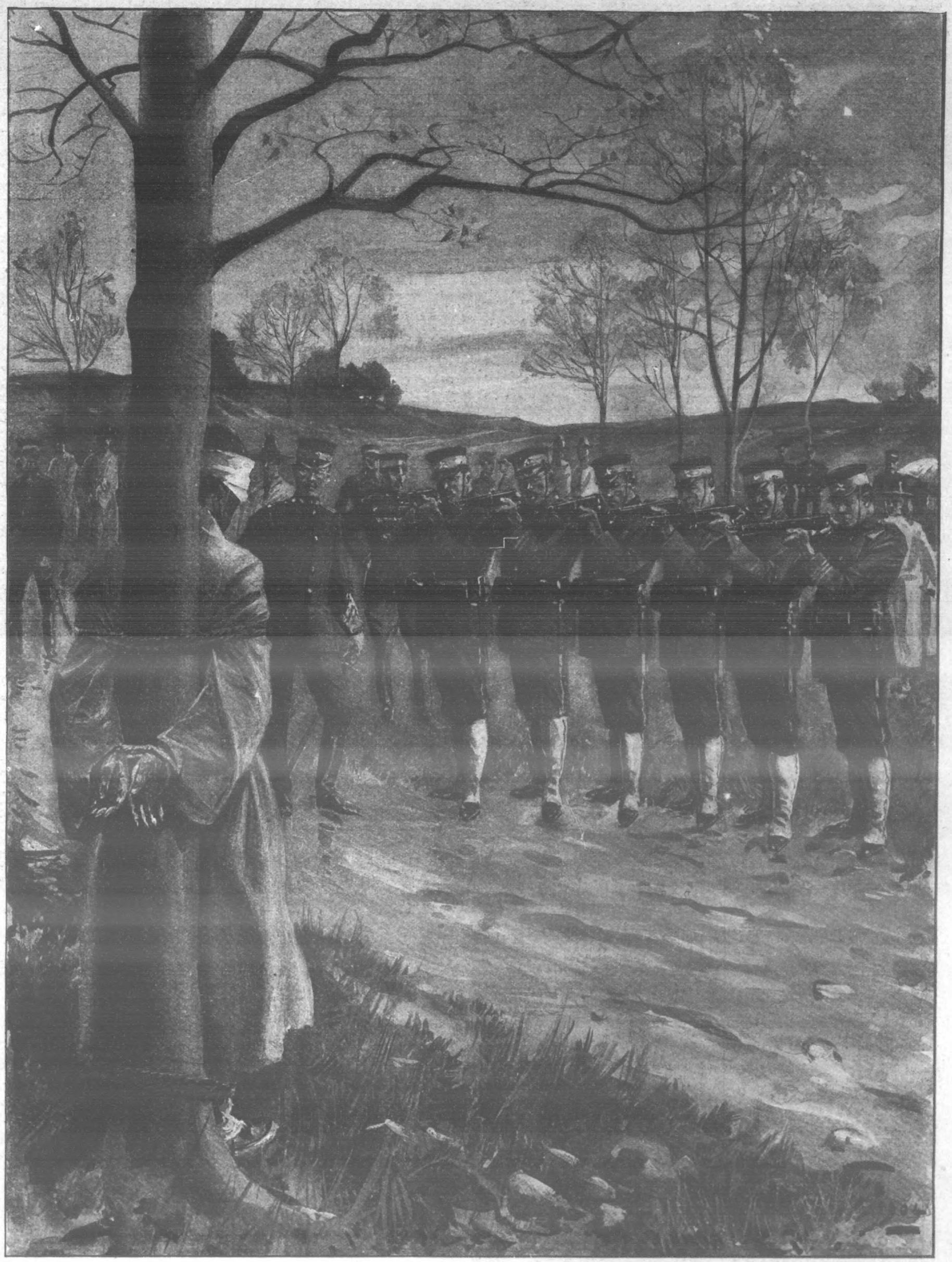
HUMOROUS DRAWINGS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

AT PORT ARTHUR: RUSSIAN SHARPSHOOTER KILLING FAMISHED DOGS ON THE NEIGHBOURING HILLS.

(See "The Story o the War.")



THE FATE OF A CHINESE SPY: SHOT BY A SECTION OF JAPANESE INFANTRY.

THE CRIMSON SLIPPER.

BY DORA LANGLOIS.

Author of "A Bolt From the Blue," "That Red-Headed Woman," "The Kiss of Judas," "The Secretary's Daughter," "Victoria's Dream," &c.

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CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

"MRS. GRANBY let lodgings, Sir," she began, "and Mrs. Denzell (leastways, she *called* herself Mrs. Denzell) lodged with her for three years along with the child. She kep' herself first by selling clothes and jewels, and then by making point lace. A poor keep it was, you may be sure, and all the time she never had a visitor, and when she was took with her last illness many a time Mrs. Granby said to me, 'Annie,' she says, 'if there 's one thing certainer than another, it is that there 's someone as ought to pay for that child; and send for him she must, and not leave it on my 'ands.' Well, Sir, to make a long story short, Mrs. Denzell wouldn't write to anyone nor make a move till the very day before she died, and then she gave Mrs. Granby two pounds to pay for the child's board for eight weeks, at five shillings a week, and two letters, along with most particular directions. The first of them two letters was in a white envelope, and it was to be posted as soon as she was dead. If anybody came in answer to it we was to give the child up to him, and burn the second letter without opening it. If nobody came we was to wait four weeks, till the first pound for the child's keep was gone, and then we was to post the second letter and wait for an answer to that."

"Well," I queried, "Mr. Danvers came in answer to one of the letters, I suppose, and took Miss Denzell away with him?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Chard, nodding her head sagely, "he came, and he took the child; but he wasn't the party that the first letter was addressed to, and Mrs. Granby didn't give that party the time agreed."

"Why not?" I asked, interested in spite of my scruples.

"Well, you see, Sir, she had her failings," Mrs. Chard explained. "She took a glass now and again, and the very night of the funeral her pocket was picked at the Feathers in Highbury; leastways, she *said* it was picked, though Mrs. Rawlins said she spent it treating her friends like a duchess. But, any way, the money went, and the child moping and fretting about the place was a trouble; and so, nobody coming for nearly a week, Mrs. Granby got aggravated and posted the second letter. Mr. Danvers came the very next day and took the child away, and if you 'll believe me he hadn't been gone a couple of hours when the other gentleman turned up and said he had been on the Continent and asked her for the little girl."

"And didn't Mrs. Granby explain?" I asked. "Didn't she tell him where the child had gone?"

"She told him that," Mrs. Chard replied. "Oh, yes, she told him right enough that Mr. Danvers had got the child. But she was so frightened at what she 'd done, and at him turning up like that when not expected, that she said her orders was to give the child up to the *first* person that asked for it. The gentleman went as white as chalk when he heard that, and said something between his teeth about the dead lady 'knowing her own business best'; and then he went off, and we never set eyes on him again."

"She did a vile thing," I exclaimed, "and Heaven only knows the extent of the mischief she made!"

"And all for a paltry couple of pounds!" Mrs. Chard remarked regretfully. "Why, if she 'd worked it properly it ought to have been worth twenty; not but what if she 'd had it she 'd have drunk it. Why, *I* knew that there was money in it, though only a girl at the time, and I tried to slip out of the house and run after the poor gentleman to tell him the truth and set his mind at rest; but Mrs. Granby was very knowing even when in liquor, and she got me by the arm and held me firm till he had got clean away."

I was more moved by Mrs. Chard's revelation than I had any intention of letting her see, for there were all the elements of a little tragedy in the tale she had just told me.

"I will repeat this to Mr. Duncan," I said, "and he will inform Miss Denzell if he has an opportunity; but for practical purposes I am afraid your information is rather incomplete, Mrs. Chard."

"Ah! perhaps it is," she responded thoughtfully, regarding me with a sidelong glance from the corner of her eye, as she produced a very dirty card. "That is my address, Sir; I keep a second-hand shop at Bradford. I can't trust my memory when it comes to names, the business being harassing and trying to the brain; but I know, if I was to 'unt for it, I 've got a piece of paper somewhere with the name of the other party (not Mr. Danvers) wrote down upon it; and I 'm not the woman to mind taking a little trouble if that paper should be wanted. Good-morning, Sir, and be so good as not to lose the address."

"So that 's why the lady was so communicative," I said to myself when she was gone at last. "The real article for sale is not the story she has let me have for a pound, but the piece of paper she has got at home. Still, Duncan has gone so absolutely foolish about this girl that I suppose he 'll be delighted to know how she became a member of the Danvers *ménage*, and if it pleases him, I don't mind standing the damage."

I went up to his room at once and found him lying very still, but evidently awake, with Mrs. Foreman in attendance.

"Is there any news?" he asked faintly.

"Not yet," I answered. "Howell will be here soon, I daresay; but I've had a visitor, Duncan, a person who knew Miss Denzell as a child. She came to us to ask for news of her, and from what she told me in conversation it 's quite clear that Mr. Danvers adopted Miss Denzell in an informal sort of way when she was quite a little girl."

Duncan was no longer fit to smile, but he gave a sigh of relief, the sort of sigh that is the sick man's smile. "She spoke the truth about her connection with him. I knew it, Herman," he said faintly. "I knew that all along."

"Yes," I said. "This proves that she never received kindness from any other person in the world, and gives a strong moral excuse for her action in taking the paper. Cheer up, Duncan, old man! She 's a girl of spirit—who knows but she may have saved it, after all?"

"You 're wanted, Sir," said Minting from the door.

"It is Howell!" panted Duncan, struggling to rise from his pillows.

"Begging your pardon, Sir, it 's—it 's a dispute about the washing-bill," said Minting, closing the door as I passed out.

"It is him," he whispered eagerly, as we stood together on the landing. "But I judged that it was no use for Mr. Duncan to go exciting himself till you know if the noos is good or bad, Sir. He 's in the smoking-room a-waiting for you."

"I'll see him at once," I answered, and made my way downstairs.

He came to business at once. "Mr. Herman, I believe?" he said.

"That is my name, Mr. Howell," I answered.

"I 'm already aware that you know all about this business," he went on. "May I ask if I am to regard you as my principal while Mr. Duncan is temporarily laid by? Am I to make my report in full to you?"

"That is his wish," I responded; "and, in fact, the thing 's inevitable. Your report can't go to him at all, unless the news is good news; but you 'll do him more good than the doctor if you can only assure me that Miss Denzell has not been injured in any way by the ruffians who kidnapped her."

"She 's safe enough," Howell answered drily. "They haven't hurt her; she went too quietly to need it."

"I thought you knew," I stammered, "that she went quietly."

"On the moor," he answered. "Yes, of course, and so would any woman; but I 've traced her on to the line, Sir, and proved she had a chance of selling them, and did not take it. She had her chance as plain and clear as daylight, and never made an effort! The facts are pretty black against her, Mr. Herman. No matter whether she began with a good intention or a bad one, she 's hand and glove with those two fellows now; she has saved herself, and the paper 's gone for ever!"

CHAPTER XII.

I DROPPED into a chair and looked at Howell helplessly. What use was it to me to be able to tell Duncan that Mary Denzell was safe if I must also tell him this! He would not be satisfied to have her safe unless he could put her back upon the pedestal he had made for her.

"You 've traced her then?" I said.

"Traced her and lost her," he replied; "and so have the officials, who might have saved us time and trouble, and who had such a long start of me. But I 'd better tell you the whole story, Sir. You know that the first efforts that were made were to ensure their not getting out of the Kingdom; that the presumption was that they would attempt to get to the south, the handiest way viâ York; that no trace of them was to be found there; that old Bronson put men on at Santrigg to see they had or had not entrained at that station; that he refused to tell us anything further, and that I went myself to try to pick up the trail."

"Yes, yes," I said, "I know all that. You went to Santrigg, I suppose, and found that they had not been there at all?"

"Oh, yes, they had," he corrected me. "They must have driven hard, for they got to Santrigg at three minutes to eleven. The public-houses don't close there till eleven, and they were able to leave their gig, which was a hired one, with orders for its return; then they booked to York, and got into the train with the lady, just in time."

"But how is it they were missed at York?" I interrupted.

"Simply because they never got there," he answered. "They got out at a little out-of-the-way station called Bowden, and there it was that I found evidence for what I 've told you about the lady. They rushed her into the train at Santrigg so quickly that she had no time to make a move if she had wished, but when they got out at Bowden they stopped on the platform asking questions, and really seem to have had no fear that she would split on them, and *that* proves that they had squared her."

"We 're dealing with a woman, not a man," I urged. "She might have been in mortal terror of them."

"The bigger the fright the sooner a woman will scream," Howell retorted. "A woman 's always safe where there are men about; she 's only got to catch hold of the first man she meets and ask him for protection, and my head to my grandmother's thimble she 'll get it!"

"I don't know," I persisted. "I have a female relative who once set her clothes alight, and neither ran, nor called, nor tried to help herself, but just stood still, and would have burnt to death if we hadn't put her out."

"I 'll grant you that," said Howell; "but that same lady, if a *man* had tried to carry her off, would have been too frightened of going with him to be too frightened to ask someone to prevent it. You 're supposing a state in which the woman has lost the use of her tongue, and is practically, through sudden terror, as helpless as a baby. But Miss Denzell was *not*; she got out and stood quite quietly talking to one man while the other asked some question. A porter spoke to her about a portmanteau that he thought was hers, and she answered him that she had no luggage. The man noticed nothing particular except that she was a trifle pale; and so I say that she was neither injured, hocussed, nor terrorised—they had simply squared her."

"And they went out of the station at Bowden, and there all trace of them is lost?" I queried.

"Not quite," he corrected me. "There is no further information to be gleaned of two men and a lady answering their description; but one of the men, who seems to have spoken English beautifully, went on, they think, to York by the early train the following morning."

"Only one of the men?" I queried.

"Only one," he repeated, "and that proves, if it proves anything, that they knew the district well, and had some safe and quiet spot to which to take her for a time. The other man has stayed behind to watch her, of course, and see that she plays no tricks."

"But if Miss Denzell has been squared, why not take her on?" I demanded.

"That 's their business," he replied. "I don't suppose they knew we were after them, or guessed that but for this separation we should have caught them like rats in a trap: but the only point we have to consider is this, they can't get anywhere from Bowden without going on to York, or back to Santrigg, therefore she and the other man are in that district now."

"And what do you think will happen to her?" I asked.

"I think," he said gravely, "that if they don't alter their plans through getting wind of us, in four-and-twenty hours or thereabouts she will receive a sum of money and be set at liberty. That, in fact, is why I cleared out of Bowden so soon."

"I don't quite follow you," I confessed. "Why should you come away without doing anything?"

"Because," he answered, "the place is full of detectives, all asking questions, and if there was much more of it it might reach the man's ears, and then the lady might not get away so easily."

"She will walk right into the arms of the police," I said dubiously.

"Better that, Sir, than for her to stay one hour in that man's company after he has begun to find her in his way."

"He may make that discovery any minute," I replied, with helpless irritation. "I tell you frankly, Mr. Howell, I dare not tell Mr. Duncan that we are waiting doing nothing, and leaving things to take their chance at Bowden."

"Excuse me, Sir, I did not come back here to do *nothing*," Howell retorted stiffly, showing for the first time that professional touchiness which I afterwards found so characteristic of him. "I came back because I think I can work it as easily and quickly, and much more safely, from this end."

I stared at him in astonishment. "Oh, there 's no great mystery," he continued. "The question for us is simply this: Who do you suppose those two foreigners are?"

"I haven't had time to ask myself the question," I replied; "but since you put it to me, I suppose they are agents of the person in town to whom Danvers was to have handed the paper, sent down to find out what has become of it."

"And when did you first notice them watching Mr. Duncan?" he inquired.

I thought for a moment, and then answered: "I saw them hanging about the house, and so did Minting, I believe, for the first time on the day that Mr. Duncan was away in London."

"That is to say, the day after the sale?"

"Yes, the day after the sale."

"Doesn't it strike you that if they were agents of the man in London, whose plans were frustrated by Mr. Danvers' death, they let a long time go by before coming to look for the paper?"

"It didn't strike me, but you 're right," I answered.

"Look at the date and the circumstances once again," he urged. "They arrive on the spot directly Mrs. Montgomery has failed to secure the desk at the sale, and they evidently knew the district round Bowden well—a district close by here. Isn't it much more likely, then, that they are the persons or agents of the person with whom Mrs. Montgomery was treating for the sale of the paper when the late Mr. Danvers sold her?"

"It would be reasonable to suppose that—in fact, it would be difficult to suppose anything else," I admitted—"if we could be at all sure that Minting and I saw the men on the *first* day of their operations."

"My dear Sir, it 's quite plain," Howell urged. "They weren't watching Mr. Duncan, they were watching his *house*; and what interest had his house for them or anyone until the desk came into it? But we needn't worry about the theory; I've verified the facts since I cleared out of Bowden, and I am in a position to show that they did arrive here from Bowden on the very day you saw them first, that they lodged at the White Hart, and hired the conveyance that 's so like yours from the Crown."

"And if they are colleagues of Mrs. Montgomery's," I asked, "what then?"

"Why, then," he replied, "since they are foreigners, she probably found, or recommended, the safe hiding-place at Bowden; and if so we can find out where to look for that place quite as well here as at Bowden."

"In what way?" I queried.

"This way," he explained. "If there is any person here related to, or dependent on Mrs. Montgomery, who can be shown to have a home or connections in Bowden, that home or the home of those connections is the place we have to call at."

"Yes, yes," I said eagerly, "I see your point; we must set about it at once. I believe that we shall find her; but, Mr. Howell, since it 's quite evident that the paper is lost, and that Miss Denzell's arrest can serve no useful purpose, don't you think that if we get ahead of the police who have treated us so badly, we might——"

"Might what, Sir?" he demanded, as the words stuck in my throat.

"Might give her a warning or something," I stammered, "and so save Mr. Duncan a very unpleasant ordeal."

"We might do it, of course," Howell answered drily, his keen eyes meeting mine. "But doesn't it strike you, Sir, that that is just what the police are expecting us to do; that they've got so much faith in Mr. Duncan's honesty that they 'd just as soon lose the lady as let him find her first?"

"That 's true," I said, with a weak man's relief at having a knotty question solved for him. "That is quite true, and it 's no part of our business to help her at his expense. But the question is, what am I to tell him now?"

"Only that I 've traced her on to the line, and that when last seen she was safe and unharmed," Howell answered. "His opinion of the lady will keep him from worrying out the truth; so you can see him directly and take my message."

"No," I answered nervously, "I 'll leave Minting to do that. He can't tell more than he knows, but he will embroider the story much better than I could just now. Personally, I should like to set to work with you at once if I may."

"Half a minute, Sir," said Howell gravely. "I think I 've made it pretty clear that for the moment Miss Denzell is fairly safe; but there is one person who is in a very awkward fix just now, who can't be helped, as far as I can see, unless we help him. Now, what do you say; are we justified in depriving Mr. Duncan of our services for an hour and going to hear what the police have got against Sir Robert Birchall?"

"They surely can't have much against him," I urged; "and the newspaper accounts——"

"The newspaper accounts won't give prominence to the things that we should notice," he interrupted, "and the police would never have arrested a Baronet if they hadn't a fairly strong case."

"It seems we 've a sort of responsibility," I answered. "It 's Hobson's choice—we must go."

"Then sharp 's the word, Sir," said Howell, "for we 're late already."

"They 've identified the weapon as Sir Robert's," whispered an excited individual, who kindly made room for us in a corner when we reached the already crowded Town Hall. "That 's it on the table with a white label on it, and the one in the case is a pair to it found in Sir Robert's own house. The man in the box is his valet; he 's giving the magistrate a lot of trouble. He 's very much attached to Sir Robert, and he wants to hush things up, it 's quite clear."

"So much the worse for his master," said Howell, glancing meaningly at me and then across at the poor agitated, anxious fellow in the box. "Mr. Herman, Sir Robert will be sent up for trial, I fancy, and the magistrates will settle their minds to it before this witness stands down."

I turned my attention from Howell to the man in the dock, facing men on the bench who had hunted with him and dined with him many a time, no doubt; and as I listened to the story that the prosecution was laboriously dragging out of the witness, I recognised that the Baronet's position was much graver than I had supposed.

I cannot give the valet's examination *in extenso*, with its reiterated questions and monosyllabic replies, but, briefly summarised, his evidence amounted to this: He knew that his master had bought a pair of pistols on a certain date months ago. Sir Robert was drinking at the time; sometimes he drank heavily, sometimes he was sober for months. Sometimes he quarrelled with Lady Birchall because he was drinking; sometimes he drank because they had been quarrelling. The quarrels were generally over money; he (witness) was quite sure of that. No, he couldn't say the quarrels were Lady Birchall's fault; but her Ladyship had money, and Sir Robert got an idea she threw it in his face that he was poor, when she complained of extravagance. Yes, they did quarrel about Mr. Danvers. Yes, her Ladyship had taken up with Mr. Danvers after a quarrel about some woman — that is, her Ladyship liked Mr. Danvers, and gave him a good bit of her company. Plenty of ladies did that sort of thing nowadays, and no harm was meant. Sir Robert took offence, and that led to more quarrels. He (witness) had been in many places where the master wouldn't have thought anything about a friendship like that; it was nothing. That was his view, but he didn't deny that Sir Robert hated Mr. Danvers.

About the pistols. Sir Robert bought them in drink, and once threatened his own life, and once threatened his wife's. Then he went

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straight for a time and gave up the drink, and ceased to carry one of the pistols. He was going on all right when the election business upset him. He heard that Danvers was going to give his vote and interest to Montgomery. He started a drinking bout at once. Lady Birchall tried to interfere, and then there was trouble.

Yes, he did recollect the afternoon of August 10; that was the day when Sir Robert first heard that Mr. Danvers had been seen at a meeting of the opposite party. He came into the drawing-room and made a fuss. He said that Mr. Danvers had "ratted," and he threatened "to do something to him."

At this point a little scene occurred. The man was pressed to give the nature of the threat, and to repeat the words of abuse used. He got hot and restive at once. He said it was his business "to hear, see, and say nothing," and that every gentleman's servant knew that. When sharply reminded of the nature of his oath he tried to explain that what he meant was that he had formed a habit of forgetting that sort of thing, and now couldn't rely on his memory. Then, in a burst of temper, he added that there were others who had heard it all, and that they ought to be asked to repeat it instead of him. Immediately the poor man was asked to name the persons alluded to, and, much crestfallen, he complied. I fancy he suddenly saw that he would have done better to let it go on his unsupported testimony than to call others to confirm the tale. However, nothing came of it immediately, for the two persons he referred to turned out to be a guest who had gone away the following day, Sunday, owing to a slight disagreement with Sir Robert over his conduct to Lady Birchall, and a groom, now in hospital suffering from an accident in the stable-yard.

After this the poor witness, too nervous to resist, admitted that Sir Robert did say, speaking of Danvers, "I 'll have his life!" much the same as any gentleman might if his temper was up. Moreover, he had to tell how he had that night (the 10th) found one of the pistols in his master's coat-pocket when he took the clothes to brush them.

He put it back in the case, and saw it in the case with the other on the following day, Sunday. On Monday, the 12th, his master was all right: he had been sober all Sunday, as on Monday he was to address the electors. On Monday afternoon someone in the crowd made a remark that annoyed him. He came home and had another scene with her Ladyship. He had something to drink before dinner, and after dinner he was not able to speak clearly. Lady Birchall insisted that he should not show himself at the meeting, and he went to his room to lie down, while the rest of the party went off to keep their engagement.

At about ten that night he (witness) went to the gun-room, and happened to look at the pistol-case. One of the pistols was gone! He couldn't explain why he went to look at the pistols, nor why he immediately went to his master's room, and, on getting no answer, tried the door, which he found locked. He wouldn't go so far as to say he was frightened, either for his master or anybody else, but he admitted that he called another manservant, and both of them tried the door again. He stooped and looked through the keyhole, but he was not of opinion that because he could see into the room the door must have been locked from the outside and the key removed. It might have been turned up in the lock. He could see the bed, and his master was not on it; but he might have been in the room, for all that.

He did not see his master again until 11.30. He saw him come into the billiard-room then without his hat or coat, and he was certainly very drunk at that time—worse than when he went upstairs; but he didn't know where his master got the drink. There was no saying he got the drink outside, because he often took drink up to his room.

Sir Robert, he admitted, didn't take it up to his room after dinner that evening, because he (witness) and Lady Birchall went up with him; but it might have been in his room, for all that.

He went up to the room immediately after seeing his master to try if he could find the pistol, and the door was then unlocked, but there was no trace of the weapon, nor had he seen it again until the police showed it to him—leastways, they showed him one that might be it. He was of opinion at the time that his master had come out of the room, of course, and left the door open; he might, however, have come back into the house and gone up and opened the door. The pistol was loaded in three chambers when he took it out of Sir Robert's pocket on Saturday. The revolver the police showed him, which was found on the scene of the tragedy, was loaded only in two chambers.

"And that 's all I know about it, gentlemen," the poor fellow concluded, with the sweat standing in beads on his brow. "So I don't see as there 's any call for you to keep me here any longer."

The chairman nodded, and the witness moved; but, strange to say, having now obtained permission to go—having, in fact, announced that he had no right to occupy the box any longer—he ceased to be in a hurry to quit, and launched into a long panegyric of his master, describing him as a kind-hearted gent if ever there was one. The effect of this testimony as to character he considerably discounted, however, by adding, as a second thought, that her ladyship too was "a perfect lady," and a model of discretion, and that "family quarrels was nobody's business." After which, when the constable, holding him by the elbow, led him down the two little steps of the movable rostrum which served as a witness-stand, he still continued from the floor of the hall to address the court, recommending his master to the magistrates and the general public on the ground that he was "a sportsman, every inch of him."

The poor valet was followed by another servant, the man who had been summoned by him to come and try the bed-room door. He seemed quite unbiassed, and was very matter-of-fact. He gave it as his opinion that there was no one in the room at all when they knocked, for the previous witness had made noise enough to rouse the dead, let alone a tipsy sleeper. He himself warned the valet to desist for fear of getting into trouble for making such a disturbance; and Taylor, the valet, explained that he must get into the room because his master had a revolver on him. He added that Taylor gave up knocking because he appeared to be convinced that there was no one inside. He said he would go and see if his master was downstairs. Later on he (the present witness) saw Sir Robert standing in the hall at about five minutes to eleven. He was standing by a hat-stand, but witness could not say whether he had just taken a hat or coat off. He was then either very drunk or very much excited, "or a little of both"—certainly worse than when he went upstairs. He (witness) was in Sir Robert's room again that night, but he didn't see any empty bottles on that occasion, though he had often found such things there before. There was no smell of spirits in the room. He thought his master got the drink outside the house.

This concluded the evidence the police proposed to offer at the moment, and they asked for a remand. It was probable, therefore, that they could not produce any person who had actually seen Sir Robert outside his house on the evening of the tragedy; but as Sir Robert's own solicitor acquiesced, it was also pretty clear that his side was unable to produce any inmate of the house who had spoken to him or heard him moving in his room at or about the time when the crime must have been committed.

The case was remanded for a week, and just as the prisoner was being removed a rather touching little incident occurred. Poor Lady Birchall, whom I had not noticed before, sprang forward suddenly with a wild cry and flung her arms out towards him.

"Robert, Robert!" she wailed. "My husband!"

He turned sharply round in surprise, stood still a moment as if dazed, and then said clearly and distinctly: "Never mind, Connie, it 's my own fault."

He passed through the door out of our sight immediately after, and the poor woman fell down in a dead faint, and was carried into the air. It was all over in a moment, but I know that, little cause as anyone had had so far to admire this hard-drinking, coarse-grained country squire, we all of us were stirred a trifle, and I for one began to think that his valet was right, and that he was a sportsman after all.

"Well, what now, Mr. Howell?" I asked tentatively, as we found ourselves once more outside and in the cart behind the dauntless little Bob.

"Mr. Duncan's business, I think, Sir," he said. "We can't help Sir Robert at all so far."

"But surely," I said, "there are hundreds of those revolvers sold every year? They haven't clearly proved the weapon used was actually his."

"Hundreds, of course," said Howell drily, "but it 's mighty awkward his losing one just at that time, you see."

"And it 's just as queer that he should go out to settle his grudge against the man just at a time when others had asked Danvers to come to the spot where he met his death."

"Just as queer," said Howell laconically, and took out his pocket-book.

"What are you doing?" I demanded.

"Putting down the names of the two men, besides the valet, who heard Sir Robert threaten to take Mr. Danvers's life," he replied.

"And what do you want them for?" I queried.

"Future reference," he answered abstractedly, "that 's all."

We drove on in silence for a time, and then he said: "Put me down, Sir. I 'm going to set about that Bowden business. If you like to see how it 's done go on first into that hotel there, the White Hart, and wait till I come in. You won't know me, of course, nor I you."

I did as he desired, and soon found myself in the bar of a very neat and substantial house of the better class. A barman served me. The room contained no other customer save a young man who was leaning over the counter talking to a young woman in a grey cloth costume and a smart velvet toque. Just as Howell entered the door she raised her voice, and I heard her say, angrily and distinctly, "I don't believe you, Tom."

"Very good, Ellen," he replied, draining his glass and putting it down with a certain amount of emphasis, as though he wished to denote the absolute finality of his utterance. "If you don't believe me, don't! You know best what right you 've got to be annoyed about it."

He turned smartly round as he concluded and left the bar at once, almost running against Howell on the threshold.

"Who might that gentleman be?" Howell demanded of the barman. "It seems I ought to know him—in fact, I 'm sure I ought to."

"Mr. Spilsby, of Bowden, Sir," the barman answered, as he went to the engine to draw Howell a glass of stout.

Someone in an inner room had called "Ellen," and the young woman had answered: "Yes, aunt," and had left the bar before Howell asked his question. She came back a moment later drawing on her gloves, and looking with an expression half anxious, half angry, out into the street down which the young man had disappeared.

Howell took the place the young fellow had vacated, and said with propitiatory suavity: "Could you oblige me, Miss, by telling me the best way to get to Bowden?"

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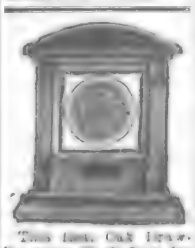

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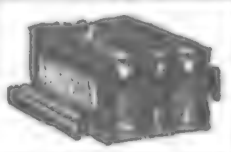

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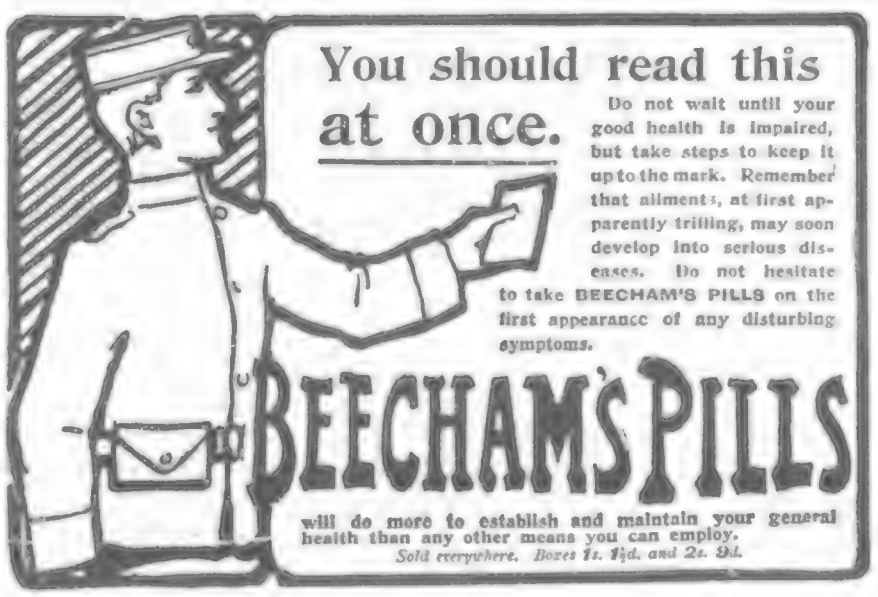

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with a brief and haughty stare: "By train, I suppose."

"Is it too far to walk or drive then, Miss?"

"Tramps walk it, I daresay. People don't drive when there's a train to take."

"Might I trouble you for a cigar, Miss?"

The girl made no motion to serve him. "William," she said sharply, summoning the man to attend to the order, which she did not even trouble to repeat to him.

Howell lit up and commenced the attack again. "Do you happen to know Bowden, Miss?"

"I ought to; I was born there," was the laconic reply.

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed Howell, beaming up at her, for she was taller than he. "Now, that is a coincidence! So was I."

The young woman turned towards him for a moment a countenance which was certainly meant to convey excessive boredom and non-interest. She brought her eyes back again almost immediately to the street, and the frown I saw puckering her forehead was not caused merely by Howell's advances. She was evidently pre-occupied; though, I fancy, being a haughty damsel, and niece of the proprietress, she would have been just as frigid if she had not been.

"Yes," continued Howell, quite unabashed, "I was born at Bowden, in Dollars Court. I don't know much about the town, having left it at the age of three. Perhaps you know Dollars Court, Miss? It very likely isn't aristocratic. It don't sound so, but you might happen to have heard of it."

"I have not," she said. "At least, yes, I may have. It's a dirty little place near the gas-works."

"I thought so," Howell answered, as if much pleased. "I've always heard that our family have risen. Have you any relatives in Bowden, miss?"

"Why?" the girl asked. "Why do you want to know?"

"Because I'm going over some day this week, and I'd gladly take a message," he answered.

"I've plenty of relatives there," the girl said icily, "but I don't know that I want to send any messages, thank you. The post-office is good enough for me—that is, if it's open still."

Having delivered this evidently sarcastic retort, she buttoned her glove, and, coming round the bar, moved to the door.

"Are you going, Ellen?" the voice from within demanded.

"Yes, aunt," she replied. "I shall be late as it is, and you know what a fuss she makes if she has to wait a minute. Good-bye."

Then without a single glance at Howell the young lady walked into the street, deliberated a moment, and then went off in the direction Mr. Spilsby had taken.

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

SOME of my readers will, I am sure, be interested to hear how the Queen and her daughters were dressed on the King's Birthday at the shooting-luncheon. Her Majesty wore a dress of violet frieze, with a closely fitting toque, such as she is seen in almost invariably, made of Parma violets, and a stole of ostrich-feathers of the same beautiful colour. Princess Charles of Denmark wore dark brown tweed, with brown beaver toque turned up on three sides, and two large rosettes.

Princess Victoria Wore Grey Cloth

and a motoring-cap of black-and-white. It was noticed by everyone how well His Majesty was looking on his sixty-third birthday. The illuminations in London on the evening of Nov. 9 were very brilliant, and attracted crowds to admire them. A friend who made a tour of the streets told me that he was much amused to hear some of the calculations that were made by the men who were looking on about the enormous outlay for gas that must have taken place, but everyone who spoke agreed that it was "money well spent, and that we must do as much for our King as the Japanese do for their Emperor!" It so happened that I had business in the Strand on the afternoon of Nov. 9 and saw

The Lord Mayor's Show

from a window. I had not remembered the

SABLE AND CLOTH COMBINED.

THIS SMART VISITING-GOWN IN A DARK CLOTH IS RELIEVED BY A VEST OF WHITE CLOTH, AND TRIMMED WITH A LINE OF SABLE, AND WITH FANCY BRAID ARRANGED IN ROUNDS AND CURVES.

A BEAUTIFUL WHITE EVENING DRESS.

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date, and was very much surprised to hear bands playing, bells ringing, and people cheering! It was a very pretty sight—nothing tawdry or vulgar about it. The soldiers, sailors, and Fire Brigade made a brave show, and I could not help thinking, as I watched the soldiers marching or riding along, that if I had been a street-loafer, of whom there were hundreds about, I should have gone straight off and enlisted,

So Inspiriting was the Sight.

How men can be satisfied to spend their time at race-meetings or drinking in public-houses, when they might flock to the standard of their King to fight his battles, and to die if need be, is a thing I cannot understand! But the fact is this, idle loafers hate work of any kind.

And now for a few words about dress. Velvet or velveteen for those who cannot afford velvet is being very much worn in the evening, and in the afternoon too, on dressy occasions. A velvet or velveteen in old rose-colour, worn with a trimming of old real lace, is

A Lovely Frock

for country-house visiting or Christmas parties, for young married women or spinsters who are, say, twenty-five or thirty. Girls who want dancing-frocks which will stand hard wear—and dancing is hard wear, as every girl knows—should go to Peter Robinson's, Regent Street, and have a look at the taffeta mousseline which can be bought for 2s. 11½d. a yard. It would make also a very smart dinner-frock for a young matron. I have never seen anything more exquisite than the embroidered laces which Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove are showing now for trimming wedding and other special frocks. It is not intended except for rich women, for it is very costly; but it is so lovely that it is a pleasure to look at it. In furs I saw a great variety at Marshall's; and the long cape-like stoles made of feathers are charming. The

Floral Trimmings for Ball-Dresses

are exquisite. There is a rather full bunch for the bodice, and then a long trail, which falls over the skirt.

Viyella.

As winter is now upon us, it is advisable to look to one's night wear, for which purpose there is nothing more comfortable, more luxurious than "Viyella," which is economical in the long run, being so extremely durable. "Viyella" is obtainable, as most ladies know, from all the best drapers, in a considerable variety of designs, and has the unique recommendation of actually improving in the wash.

In reply to "Very Young," the engagement-ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand, and it becomes what is known as the "keeper" to the wedding-ring after marriage. There is no significance in a ring worn on the third finger of the right hand.

To "Puzzled and Miserable" I reply that if the man with whom she has corresponded, but to whom she is not engaged, has begun to write less frequently and more coldly than of old, she cannot do anything. As there is no engagement, she cannot ask why he has become so careless and cold. She was

Very Foolish to Write to Him

in the circumstances, and she must drop the whole thing and think about him as little as possible. The chances are that he has seen someone whom he prefers. "Puzzled and Miserable" says that she "has put her case" to several other papers, and I hope that they have given her the same advice that I have. It seems very cold, but it is the best. She cannot give herself away by writing for an explanation.

"Bill Bailey" wants to know if he may send a girl whom he knows very well, and likes, but is not in love with, a present at Christmas? Yes; but it must be small and not costly—a box of chocolate or a few flowers—nothing expensive, unless he wishes to be thought to have serious intentions. If he has, he would do well to declare himself if he can afford to marry; if not, he must take care, or he will get himself and the girl into trouble.—MARGUERITE.

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"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

MR. MOLLISON has taken the advice of Sir Henry Irving, and secured the American adaptation of "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush." Mr. Mollison will produce it at the Shakespeare, Liverpool, on April 3 next, playing the principal part himself. If all I hear prove true respecting this drama, it is likely to make a great impression and to find its way to the Metropolitan stage.

The engagement of that gifted and experienced actor, Mr. Henry Neville, by Mr. Tree, to appear in "Much Ado About Nothing," is an event of some importance. Mr. Neville has been too long absent from the London stage, and old playgoers will give him a hearty welcome back.

Mr. George Alexander has decided not to appear in the revival of "Lady Windermere's Fan": the character of Lord Windermere will be taken by Mr. Ben Webster. I am glad to hear that the delightful actress Miss Marion Terry will be again seen as Mrs. Erlynne; Miss Lilian Braithwaite replaces Miss Winifred Emery as Lady Windermere; and Miss Fanny Coleman represents the Duchess of Berwick. Mr. George Alexander's object is simply to obtain a little rest, having some arduous work on hand in the future.

Mr. Lewis Waller informs me that he has not altered his views respecting the opening play for his coming season at the Imperial Theatre. He has quite decided on "Macbeth," and the announcements as to his American tour are entirely without foundation. The reports that Mrs. Langtry was about to let the Imperial Theatre are equally imaginary. Who are the people who spread such reports?

Mr. Willard says he will open the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, in January next with the late Wilson Barrett's "Lucky Durham," which as yet has not reached London nearer than Hammersmith. Mr. Willard, it appears, is fulfilling the wish of his old friend, with whom he was so long associated in "The Silver King" at the Princess's, in appearing as Lucky Durham in America.

I am sorry Miss Eleanor Robson leaves us without our seeing her in some of the parts in which she has gained fame in America. Her Juliet is said to be one of her most brilliant rôles. Originally she only came for a short visit, but the success of "Mercly Mary Ann" caused other engagements to be cancelled. Her last appearances in the part are now announced, and Miss Robson will immediately afterwards sail for the States.

The return of Miss Marie Tempest to the London stage after an absence of more than a year is one of those interesting events the modern playgoer will fully appreciate. "The Freedom of Suzanne" is said to suit the charming actress exactly.

The production of "Church and Stage," we learn on the authority of the author, is likely "to cause something in the nature of a row." The Rev. Forbes Phillips has, however, the courage of his opinions, and is not at all disturbed at the result of public opinion respecting his play. I hear that some of his brother clericals are disposed to be very antagonistic respecting the tone of the piece.

The patrons of Daly's Theatre are somewhat depressed by the intelligence that Mr. Hayden Coffin is about to leave them. He intends to keep under his present manager, but at the Apollo, where he will take up the part in "Veronique" now sustained by Mr. Lawrence Rea; but in a little time we may expect Mr. Coffin to return to his old quarters, where he will be most welcome. Mrs. Coffin is arranging a recital at the Empress Rooms, Kensington, in aid of a Horse Ambulance. She has secured the assistance of Miss Isabel Jay, Mr. Sydney Valentine, Miss Ada and Miss Lilian Davies, Miss Toms (violinist), her husband, and Mr. Blackley; also Mr. George Giddens, M. Maurice Farkoa, and other popular performers.

I am sorry to say that the stage is daily becoming more crowded with young people who quit certain and well-paid occupations to turn actors and actresses. For the most part, they are destitute of the requisite ability, and they are unwilling to devote the time and study necessary. A girl at Liverpool, having been disappointed in this way, swallowed poison. The case came before the Liverpool Coroner, and this dismal tale might be repeated in hundreds of similar instances, while competent and gifted performers find it difficult to earn a living. I feel I do well to caution these novices. The prizes of the stage are few, and only for the specially gifted.

Congreve's "The Way of the World," revived by the Mermaid Society at the Royalty Theatre, revealed good intentions on the part of the society, but scarcely enough sparkle of wit in the performers. The plot is far from being clear and satisfactory, and the flashes of wit are taken up in a very random fashion without much care for construction or form. Among the performers who reached the requisite standard, Miss Ethel Irving was a brilliant and attractive Mrs. Millamant, and Mrs. Theodore Wright as Lady Wishfort was in every respect admirable. But it must be remarked that in such old comedies every word should tell.

I am requested to state that the old comedies at the Royalty Theatre, under the direction of the Mermaid Society, are available for the ordinary public at the usual prices of admission.

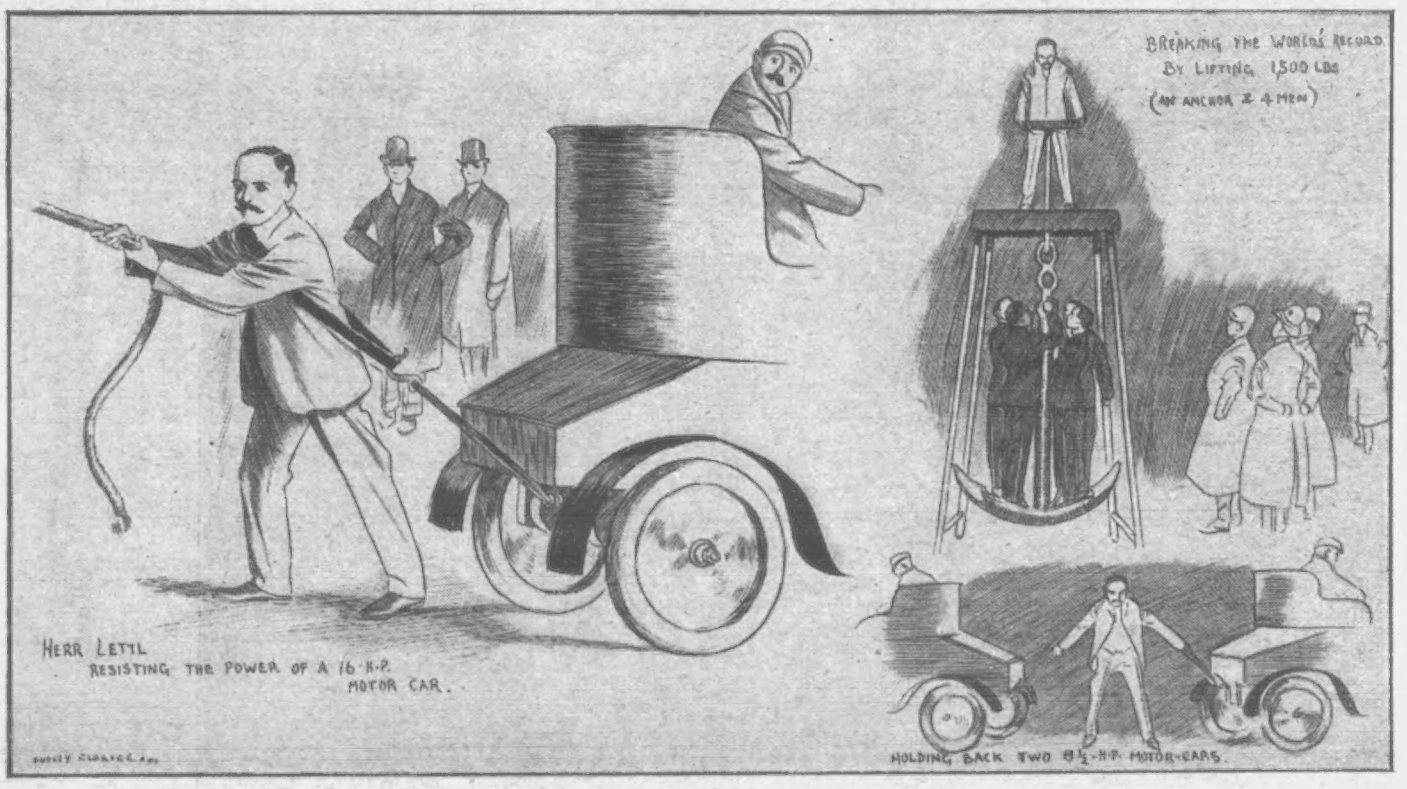
An extraordinary strong-man performance is being given daily at the Hippodrome. Herr Lettl is only 5 ft. in height. He weighs 10 st., is thirty-seven years old, a miller by trade, and was born near Munich. His muscles are quite untrained; yet he lifts a huge anchor on which are four men, the whole weighing 1500 lb. Thus Herr Lettl beats the world's record lift of 1100 lb. by 400 lb. Not content with this demonstration, Herr Lettl tries his strength against a 16-horse-power motor-car, to which, when the car is going at thirty-five miles an hour, he is attached by means of a strap. He stops the progress of the car immediately, and pulls it back across the arena. After this he slips between two 8½-horse-power motor-cars, and attaches himself to them by means of hooks. The cars then start in opposite directions at full speed. By sheer finger-strength Herr Lettl holds both cars, although the engines work at full power.

Mr. Coe, proprietor of the Palace of Varieties, Hammersmith, was summoned for performing a stage play called "The Fighting Parson." It was stated that Mr. Coe had been fined last March for the same production, and three times since he had been prosecuted. The magistrate said his simple duty was to administer the law, and he imposed a penalty of £7 per day, or £42 in all. I have no doubt that this heavy fine will cause immense excitement in the music-hall world.

An important alteration has been made in "The Prayer of the Sword," still running at the Adelphi. In the play as it stood originally the Princess, interposing to save her lover, receives a scratch from a poisoned dagger and dies, and the warrior who was to have married her returns to his monastery. In the new conclusion, when Scorla makes his attempt on Andrea, Ilaria checks the stroke and hurls his dagger at the would-be assassin. The Papal envoy bids Andrea follow him to Rome, where the Pope recalls his excommunication. The concluding incident adds greatly to the interest of the play, and the acting of Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton calls for the warmest commendation.

I hear a great deal of the dullness of theatricals in the provinces, and I fear they will be duller still unless the touring companies are more careful in their choice of plays. The common remark that "anything is good enough for the provinces" is absurd. Generally there is a fair amount of talent in the companies, and unquestionably plenty of intelligence in the audiences. Many of the county families are people of great culture and refinement: what can they think of the vulgar, commonplace plays?

THE PROMPTER.



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health after years of suffering. Chronic and so-called incurable invalids were brought back to perfect health. There seemed no affliction or disease but what he might cure. Thousands of patients were treated by the doctor until his name and the fame of his marvellous remedies spread all over the civilised world. Investigation has proven every assertion made by Dr. Kidd. Some of the stories told and letters received from grateful patients seem to indicate that this man's remedies possess a mysterious power over disease. No matter how severe the case, how chronic, of how long standing, what other men have said or failed to do; these are the cases he especially solicits, because they give him a chance to prove his superior ability.

When asked the secret of his success, the doctor modestly answers that it is partly due to the wonderful remedies which he uses and partly to the careful attention given each case. He treats patients all over the civilised world by mail, and seems equally as successful as though they were present in his office. His greatest ambition is to give every sick, afflicted, and suffering man and woman in the world a chance to try his wonderful treatment. In an interview recently the doctor said: "I believe that I have discovered a way to relieve most of the suffering from sickness and disease in the world, and I believe that it is my duty, as far as possible, to make this fact known to all. For this reason I am offering to send a free treatment to every applicant, rich or poor, no matter where they live, no matter what their disease. I am not a rich man, and cannot afford to always give my medicines away, but I am going to continue as long as possible, or until every afflicted person has had a chance to try and satisfy themselves without expending one penny." Do you mean that you will send treatment absolutely free to everyone who applies? was asked. "That is exactly what I mean. Any sick or afflicted person who will write to me and describe their condition may have a trial of this treatment entirely free. There are no conditions, no restriction. Distance is no barrier. I cure as readily thousands of miles away as in my office. A letter does just as well as a personal visit."

The above statement appeared in all the leading American papers, and from there to the English Press. As a result Dr. Kidd's mail has been flooded with applications for free treatment. All have been answered promptly, but still they continue to come. For the benefit of his thousands of patients in the British Empire the doctor has been compelled to establish an office in London. To secure a free treatment it is only necessary to address Dr. James W. Kidd, 404, Saracen's Buildings, Snow Hill, London, E.C., being sure to describe your case. Remember that the doctor treats all diseases, from the simplest and easiest cured to the so-called incurable and chronic afflictions. There is no disease that he may not cure. In view of Dr. Kidd's marvellous success, his standing among America's most famous physicians, his reputation for honesty and integrity, this offer affords a remarkable opportunity to all who are sick and in need of medical help. It means a chance to get well. It means the opinion and advice of one of the world's most famous and successful physicians on your case, absolutely free.

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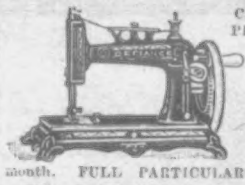

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